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The Sweet robin

7 Dials [London]

[ca. 1820?]

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THE
SWEET ROBIN,

BEING A CHOICE COLLECTION
Of Much Admired Song,
Now Singing at all the Public Places of Amuſement

JUN 24 1918

1. Sweet Robin.
2. Humonrs of a Playhouſe
3. Peace & Beauty's arms
4. Gaby and Suſy.
5. Fare thee Well !
6. Oh ! Nanny wilt thou gang with me
7. The Nightingale Club
8. Faithleſs Emma,
9. Ellen Aureen,
10. The Jew Pedlar;
11. Canadian Boat Song,
12. Here we meet too ſoon to Part
13. A Temple to Friendſhip
14. The Manly Heart
15. Oh ! the Shamrock.
16. My Bonny highland laddie.
17. The Time I've loſt

Pitts, Printer Wholesale Toy and Marble Warehouse, 6, Great s A
street 7 dials

DAMAGED PAGE(S)

1. Sweet Robin-

Oh where you going sweet Robin,
What makes you proud and so shy,
I once saw a day little Robin,
My friendship you would not deny,
But winter again is returning
And weather both stormy and snell
Again ye will come back to me Robin
I'll feed you with moulins mysel,
On where are you going sweet Robin
What makes you so proud and so shy?
I once saw the day little Robin.
My friendship you would not deny
When summer comes in little Robin
Forgets all his friends and his care
Away to the fields flies sweet Robin
To wander the groves here and there,
Though you be my debtor sweet Robin,
On you I will never lay blame
For I have had as dear friends as Robin.
Who often have served me the same,
Oh where are you going sweet Robin
What makes you so proud and so shy
I once saw the day little Robin,
My friendship you would not deny,
I once had a lover like Robin,
Who long for my hand did implore,
At length he took flight just like Robin,
And him I never saw more,
But should the stern blast of misfortune
Return him as winter brings thee,
Tho' slighted by both little Robin,
Yet both your faults I'll forgive ye
Oh where are you going sweet Robin,
What makes you so proud and so shy,
I once saw the day sweet Robin,
My friendship you would not deny

2. Humours of a Playhouſe

A PLAY house, oh! a play house the birth place of wit,
Where fashion and beauty abound [sit
To praise or condemn the critics as they
And mirth or good humour are found,
And then at the entrance such pushing and squalling.
Crush'd hats, lost hats, and coat flaps rent away
Take care of your pockets some loudly are bawling,

While the women cry I surely shall faint away—

(Spoken]—Cheap isn't on a bill of the play Common Garden, or Drury Lane? Two shilling gallery ticket for eighteen pence, Got more tickets than you want I'll buy 'em of you? Bless me how excessive hot it is, the passage full already I declare, Zounds, and fury sir, where are you to pushing to? D—me if I'll be pushed about in this manner. Oh! for heaven's sake sir, do let me come out or I shall faint away, Here's a woman fainting who's got a smelling bottle? You'd better give her the brandy bottle I desire you'll not take liberties with me fellow. Hollo where are you driving your mutton fist to you blacksmith? take care of your pockets When you have done with my coat pockets sir I'll thank you for them No room, no room, There's plenty of room, where in your pockets ah ah what rum vit Halloo, Bill where are you? Here I am Dick. all right, got a snug place between this lady's legs here, Arrah honey where are coming to sir? Why I'm coming to,

The play house where the music so delighting, so inviting,
The ladies so bewitching, performance
There to laugh dull care away
Now the doors are all thrown open, they're swarming like bees
All eager fronts seats so attain
Hats off, hats off, down if you please,
You'll repent if I tell you sir again,
Well my dear. I declare, I thought I should have fainted.
So excessively great was the heat and the croud,
Oh sure such a motley group never was painted,
Fighting quarrelling and bawling aloud

Spoken —Come you fidlers, strike up. strike up, Nosey let's have Moll in the Wad No, no, let's have Rule Britannia, Silence order down, Pull up the sky there poor people. Hats off Silence Why that fellow hollowing silence make more noise than all the rest pray sir do you know what the performance is? Yes, I believe it is the Blue Devils Oh it is time for me to be off, then there's no occasion to see Blue Devils here, I've plenty of them at home. I insist upon that box door being [illegible] I shall catch my death of cold [illegible] shut it, sir, Here box keeper, take th

WhitePN970.F5 SWERx

man away, and bring me a gentleman, I have been looking all about the lobby sir but I cannot find one. Thus they come [illegible]

The play house &c:

Now the curtains let down performance being o'er
The audience to go quick prepare
Some censure some praises as pon——my soul wha a bore,
Or I never was pleased better I declare
Then such a noise and confusion with coachmen loud bawling
Servants, link boys and carriage blocks up the way,
Here John where's the carriage ? the ladies loud are calling,
I shall certainly catch cold if you delay.

Spoken.——Half a crown to Finsbury Square. Coach unhired, coach unhired, What number is your madam ! No. 164, Coachman, Oh No. 164 is wanted Lord [illegible]'s servants. Go to Mary Ann, Coachman are you hired ? [illegible], Well I'm sure that's a very saucy impudent scoundrel I'll take his number directly. Well my dear, it is impossible for me to walk home I have got my thin shoes on, Well my love, it is your own fault you should provide a, [illegible] the weather [illegible] grace. Go along you grace eh dog, here's a penny for you, A penny for a duke, you're a rum duke, Bless me madam what notice your little girl takes of the performances. Ah what a clever little soul that is do you know madam she'll have it all off by to morrow I say daddy, how did you like that song What song child ? Why that song the man sung so bad, they made him sing it over again. Oh! I suppose Tommy derides that song about

The play house, &c.

3. Peace & Beauty Arms,

IN vain may that bosom lost quiet deplore,
Which hope has forsaken to visit no more
For me no bright visions their sunshine impart,
The dark gloom to lighten and cheer the sad heart,
Tho' hope for a moment, a meteor may glare.
The brighter the flash the more dark the despair,
Yet fame in the battle my deed may record.
When the trumpet to glory the brave shall invite,
When the bright star of victory shall beam on my sword
And illumine the banners that waves in the fight,
The cannons flash the squadrons meet.
The vanquish'd foe is at my feet,
Then mercy bids me spare.
Charge charge we cry, in broken ranks they fly,
While shouts of triumph rend the air!
Sweet peace succeeding now in [illegible] alarms,
With laurels crown the soldier's deeds in arms,
The trumpet sounds the warriors come
While shouts proclaim their welcome home,
To peace and beauty's arms.

4. Gaby and Susy,

MY name is Gaby Grim,
I bees turned of one and twenty
And my face I think by gum,
Will get me sweethearts plenty.
Tho' my mammy cries oh fie,
What stuff runs in my noddle.
Why thinks I myself thinks I,
A courting I mun toddle

Spoken. So d'ye see t'other night I contrived to give mother the slip tossed on my Sunday clothes and having a bit o' a sweetheart in my eye I toddled along the road with my hands in my pockets, and singing

La ral la, &c.

Susy Fezzle was the name,
Of her I lov'd so dearly,
A raw bone strapping dame.
She six foot stood or nearly,
Twas night and fast asleep,
Was laid each inmate's noddle,
Save Towser who did keep,
Such a row he made me toddle.

Spoken. Yes, the damn'd grizzled cur, would'nt be pacified, tho' I offered him a large slice of cheese, which I stole out of my mother's cupboard, and dang it d'ye know when I turned about to toddle home again, he boned the skirt of my coat and

BLEED THROUGH

nearly spoiled my singing
La ral la, &c.

So I strolled about till day
When to the fields I went sir,
And found her making of hay
So to tell my mind were bent sir,
I talk'd of love but she,
With frowns bedeck'd her noddle.
And cross as cross could be,
Told me I'd better toddle.

(Spoken,)—Oh Susy cried I. sweeter then the haycock you are tossing over that rennet look of yours will turn the cream of my love into the curds and whey of despair. At that moment a tall irish hay maker jumped out of the hedge Blood and turf, says he, don't be after teazing the damsel, she gives herself to me, for better or for worse, and bad manners to my grandmothers sisters aunt's old cat. But I'll be after tipping you such a mollygrogging that shall spoil your singing
La ral lal &c

A great huge stick he had,
And look'd as black as thunder
To ha' stopp'd I must be mad
So I thought best to knock under
For if a word I spoke,
He'd sure ha' crack'd my noddle,
So not liking much the joke,
I sung small and off did toddle.

(Spoken.)—Yes I did, and has Susy has proved false hearted I'd ha' mighty notion to ha' drowned myself, but some'at whispered to me—Noa, noa, don'tee do that Gaby, set off to Lunnun. and has thou hast got a preatetish kind of a mug and can sing a decentish sort a of song, who knows but you may get to sing a top o' the stage, so ecod I took the advice got safe to town, and here I bees always ready to sing you,
La ral la, &c.

5 Fare thee Well !

By Lord Byron.

FARE thee well ! deceitful maid,
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret
Nor hope nor memory yield their aid(thee
But pride may teach me to forget thee
Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
For nature seemed to smile before thee
And once my breast abhorr'd deceit,
For then it beat but to adore thee.
Then Fare thee well, &c.

But now I seek for other joys; (never
To think, would drive my soul to madness
In thoughtless throngs and empty noise,
I conquer half my bosom's sadness
Yet e'en in these a thought will steal
In spite of ev'ry vain endeavour,
And friends may pity what I feel,
To know that thou art lost for ever.
But fare thee well, &c.

6. Oh Nanny wilt thou gang with me

OH ! Nanny wilt thou gang with me.
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town
Can silent glens have charms for thee
The lowly cot and russet gown,
No longer drest in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare !
Say. canst thou quit the busy scene,
Where thou art fairest of the fair,
Oh ! Nanny when thou'rt far away
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind,
Say can'st thou face a parching ray,
Nor shrink before a wintry wind,
Oh ! can that soft that gentle mien
Extremes of hardships learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou art fairest of the fair;
Oh ! Nanny canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go,
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue
To share with him the pangs of woe,
Say. should disease or pain befal
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care
Nor wistful those gay scenes recall,
Where thou art fairest of the fair
Oh Nanny when thy love shall die
Wilt thou receive his parting breath
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh
And cheer with smiles the bed of death
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers and drop the tender t
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou art fairest of the fair;

7. THE NIGHTINGALE CLU

THE Nightingale Club in a village
held,
At the sign of the Cabbage and Shears
Where the singers no doubt wo_ld h
greatly excell
But for want of taste voice and ear,
Still between every toast his g
mighty red,

Mr- President thus with great eloquence
said,

Spoken ——Gentlemen of the Nightingale Club, you all know the rules and regulations of this society. if any gentleman present is not aware of them, if he will look over the fire place he will find them chalked up, that every man must sing a Volunteer song, whether he can or no, or drink a pint of Salt & water. Therefore to make a beginning of this Evening's Harmony I shall call upon Mr, Snuffle Sir—here, I have an extreme bad cold but with your permission I'll try to do my best.—sir, that's all we wish for, if you do your best, the best can do no more,——Permit me to blow my nose first and I'll begin directly, (Sings snuffing]

Master I have and I am his man
Gall up in dreary dall,
Master I have and I am his man;
He'll get a wife as fast he can,
With his hailey gailey gall he lay*ly*
Higgledy piggledy gigetty N got y
Galloping dreary dall.
Bravo Bravo very well sung jolly companions every one,

Thus the Nightingale Club nightly keep up their clamour,
Where nightly knock'd down with the President's hammer;
When Snuffle had finished a man of excise,
Whose sound was prodigiously fine,
Sung, "Love in thine eyes from thee ever flow, (for all parties,
After which Mr. Tug, who draws teeth
Roar'd out a sea song whose burthen was pull away hearties Oh
'Pull away, pull away my hearties,
'Pull away pull away my hearties

(Spoken) Mr. Drinkall, we shall be happy to hear your song sir. (drunk] upon my soul, Mr. President I cannot sing—Waiter, bring Mr. Drinkall a glass of salt and water, No, no, Mr. President, sooner than swallow that dose, I'll try one, Bravo, silence,

A lass is good and a glass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather,
The world it is good and the people are good,
And we are all good fellows together
A song is a good thing when very well sung,
But some people they always stick in it,

(Spoken] 'Pon my soul Mr. President, I cannot sing any more,
Bravo, Bravo, very well &c

Mr. Drybones sung next who was turned of threescore,
And melodious warbled away,
She's a sweet fifteen I'm one year more,
And we're too young they say,
Then a little Jew grocer who wore a bob wig,
Stuck up had one Billy Pringle won' very little p g
Not very little nor very big,
But when alive him live in clover,
But now him dead and dat's all over

Spoken: Mr. President I think its time we had a toast or sentiment,——Certainly whose turn is it to give one?——Mr. Mangle the Surgeon, I'll think you success to the Royal Union, Bravo! And now Mr. Dismall, we'll thank you for your song, Sir I shall give you something sprightly,

'Merry are the bells merry do they ring,
'Merry is myself and merry will I sing,
Bravo very well &c

Billy Piper some members called breach of the peace
Because all his notes were so shrill
Shrieked out like the wheel of a cart that wants grease,
Deeper and deeper still.
Mr. Max, who drinks gin wish'd to coo like a dove,
Murmured sweetly Oh listen to the voice of love,
Which calls my Daphne to the grove

Spoken Mr. Double Lungs the butcher was next called on, who had a kind of a duetto voice something like a penny trumpet, and a kettle drum, Mr: Double lungs we wish to hear your song. Sir I'll sing with all my heart liver and lights I'll sing you the Echo song out of Comus with my own accompaniments. for when a man echoes himself he's sure to do it in the right *key*,

Sweet Echo, sweet Echo
Bravo very well sung, &c.

9, FAITHLESS EMMA.

I Wandered once at break of day.
While yet upon the sunless sea,
In wanton sighs the breeze delay'd,

And o'er the weary surface ployed,
There first the fairest face I knew,
First loved the eye of softest hue
And ventured fearful first to sip
The sweets that hung upon the lip.
Of faithless Emma,
So mixed the rose and *lily's white*
That nature seemed uncertain quite,
To deck her cheek, what flower she'd choose,
The lily or the blushing rose
I wish I ne'er had seen her eye,
Ne'er seen her cheek of doubtful dye
And never never dar'd to sip,
The sweet that hung upon the *lip*
Of faithless Emma
For tho' from rosy dawn of day,
I rove along and anxious pray,
Till night with curtains dark descends
And day no more its glimmings lend
Yet still like her's no cheek I find,
Like her's no eye, save in my mind
Where still I fancy that I sip,
The sweets that hung upon the lip
Of faithless Emma,

9. ELLEN AUREEN,

O Cold was the *climate* and cheerless the moor,
Where Ellen had bloom'd till sixteen.
But warm was the bosom and friendly the door,
Of the father of Ellen sweet Ellen Aureen
Sir Hubert came hunting in splendid array
But was dash'd from his steed on the green:
And was borne to the cottage and nurs'd night and day:
By her father and Ellen sweet *Ellen* Aureen,
Sweet Ellen, &c.
Oh, how can such kindness and care be repaid,
Or where can more graces be seen,
My heart and my fortune are your's gentle maid
Accept them dear *Ellen*, sweet *Ellen* Aureen.
Sweet Ellen &c.
Forgive me she answer'd and gratefully smiled,
I wish not to *alter* the scene,
While the heart of a parent content with his child,
Is the fortune of *Ellen* blest Ellen Aureen
Sweet Ellen, &c.

10. THE JEW PEDLAR.

(Spoken) Come along wid you, I tell you dis is de first time I was ever [illegible] in your company and I hope it von't be de last---Come along pull out your purses, and---do you do wid your fish hooks in my box? If you don't take 'em out again, I shall give you a Mendoza and lay you all along so flat as if you vas a flounder, my dear---You tink because vat I'm a Jew you may use me like a Turk] but if you vants to play any game wid me, I knows an odd trick or two as well as de best of you,

SONG.

A pedling Jew get often jeard,
Vat d'ye vant Moses get along Moses
Never mind dat for who's afraid?
So let 'em cock up their noses,
In spite of all dey do and think,
Ve buys and *sells* and gets de chink
(Spoken.) Who buys my coots, dey are better as new and cheaper as old---Here's a beautiful chain to fasten on your fob, and make de people believe vat you has a vatch,---no more 2s. 6d.---3s:---vel 2s. 6d,---2s.---1s. 6d.---vol give me 1s; vat do you say 6d,---do you tink I should it?---vont not you have a seal in to de bargain---Vel I only get a groat by you,
So jeers and jokes we gives and takes,
And all de while a good bargain makes
And pockets de chink fal la de ral. la
Ve deals in *all* tings we come across
Very coot Moses---puy a lot Moses,
Ve own to no profit and lives by the loss
And a pretty account then we closes
Ven boys out vid a box we set
And seldom in a wrong box get,
(Spoken) I vas a *tradesman* myself ven I vas no more than so old as half past eight, selling roulers --nobody buys 'em now, for every beau's head is *all* the word as if it was a scrubbing brush--Vill you buy a fine comb for your vife,---its the very best tortoise *shell*--(aside) made of horn. Don't be afraid of her combing your head vid it, for de teeth an't call'd head proof,
So jeers, &c
Venter to bargain ve begin
It's "Take care Moses, very deep Moses, (n,
And we may as well take de peoplish

For we always do dat dey supposes,
But vy say Jews are rogues by the bye,
Ven an honest man is worth a Jew's eye

Spoken---Let every von dat's fond of calling another a rogue, be first sure he can find an honest man at home; but schandal my dear, is de order of de day, and many good sort of people are so very righteous and have so much to do looking after dere neighbours business, dey have no time to look after dere own. but take dis lesson from a Jew, To mend von hole in your own coat, is better as picking twenty in your neighbour's my dear,

So jews and jokes, &c.

10. Canadian Boat Song

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn
Row, brothers, row, the streams runs fast
The Rapids are near and the day-light's past
Why should we yet our sails unfurls
There is not a breath the blue waves to curl,
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh sweetly we'll rest our weary oar,
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast
The Rapids are near and the day-light's past,
Utaway tide this trembling moon,
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green Isle! hear our prayer
Grant us cool heavens and fav'ring air,
Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

12. Here we meet to Soon to Part.

HERE we meet too soon to part,
Here to leave will raise a smart
Here I'll press thee to my heart
Where none have place above thee
Here I vow to love thee well,
Could but words unseal the spell,
Had but language strength to tell.
I'd say how much I love thee
Here we meet too soon to part,
Here to leave will raise a smart,
Here I'll press thee to my heart;
Where none have place above thee
Here the rose that decks thy door,
Here the thorn that spreads thy bower,
Here the willow on the moor,
The birds at rest above thee,
Had they a light of life to see,
Sense of soul like thee and me,
Soon might each a witness be.
How doatingly I love thee.
Here we meet &c.

13 A Temple to Friendſhip

A Temple to friendship! said Laura enchanted,
I'll build in this Garden, the thought is divine,
The Temple was built and there now only wanting,
An Image of Friendship to place on the shrine
She flew to a Sculptor, who set down before her
A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent
But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the Idol she meant.
Oh! never, she cried, could I think of enshrining,
An Image whose looks are so joyless and dim,
But yon little God upon roses reclining,
We'll make if you please sir, a Friendship of him;
So the bargain was struck with the little God laden:
She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove,
Farewell, said the Sculptor, you're not the first maiden,
Who came but for Friendship and took away Love.

14. THE MANLY HEART (a Duet)

THE Manly heart with love o'erflowing,
Each fairer virtue calls its own.
'Tis beauty's task soft smiles bestowing,
To share and soothe the lover's moan
Hail sacred Love, through heaven and earth,
Hail sacred flame that gave it birth,

And love the isle of life beguiling
The soul in willing bondage leads
And while to peace each trouble smiling,
Its potent sway all nature pleads,
Nor ought can dearer raptures prove
Than two fond hearts that truly love.
Love and truth, and truth and love,
Love and truth, and truth and love,
Emulate the joys above,
Love and truth and truth and love,
Emulate the joys above
The joys above, the joys above.

Oh! the Shamrock,

THROUGH Erin's isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valour wandered,
With Wit the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squandered,
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass,
Shoots up with dew drops streaming,
As softly green,
As emeralds seen,
Through purest chrystal gleaming
Oh! the Shamrock the green immortal
Shamrock,
Chosen leaf,
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock.
Says Valour. "see,
"They spring for me,
Those leafy gems of morning"!
Says Love, "no, no.
"For me they grow."
"My fragrant path adorning,"
But Wit perceives,
The triple leaves
And cries, "Oh! do not sever,
A Type that blends,
"Three godlike friends,
Love, Valour, Wit, for ever!"
Oh the Shamrock, &c.

So firm and fond
May last the bond,
They wove that morn together
And ne'er may fall,
One drop of rain
On Wit's celestial feather!
May Love as twine
His flowers divine
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em!
May Valour ne'er
His standard rear,
Against the cause of freedom.
Oh! the Shamrock, &c.

16. MY BONNY HIGHLAND LADDIE

OH! say, where hae ye been a' day
Bonny laddie, bonny laddie,
Say where hae been a' day,
Bonny highland laddie.
For long and dreary has been each hour
Sin ye left the shady bower
Where oft we've ran sic pleasure o'er
Bonny highland laddie.

CHORUS.

My bonny highland laddie, my bonny
highland laddie
Where oft we've ran sic pleasure o'er
My bonny highland laddie.
Each pastime and each sport I've tried
Bonny laddie bonny laddie,
Each pastime and each sport I've tried,
Bonny highland laddie,
But still alas, I tried in vain
Instead of pleasure all was pain.
Until I saw thy face again
Bonny highland laddie.
My bonny highland laddie, &c
Oh, never leave me long again,
Bonny laddie bonny laddie,
Or from the village sports I'll flee
For they can have no charms for me
Unless I share them a' wi' thee.
My bonny highland laddie.
My bonny highland laddie, &c.

17. The Time I have Lost in Wooing.

THE time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing,
The light that lies
In Woman's eyes.
Has been my heart's undoing;
Though wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
My only books,
Were Woman's looks
And folly's all they've taught me,
And are those follies going,
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes,
Again to set it glowing.
No vain, alas, the endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever,
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever